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HEART
Blossoms.

— BY MRS. —

MARY E. RICHARDSON.

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Heart Blossoms.

POEMS,

BY

MRS. MARY E. RICHARDSON.



MEMPHIS:
BOYLE & CHAPMAN, PUBLISHERS.
1874.



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TO

My Children and Grand-Children,

THE SOLACE AND COMPANIONS OF MY DECLINING YEARS,

This Little Volume

IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.



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HEART BLOSSOMS.

SPARE MOMENTS.

SPARE moments, spare moments, the gold
dust of time,

When mingled with wisdom how softly they
chime ;

Spare moments, if carefully always employ'd,
Are beautiful heart-blossoms, daily enjoy'd.

Spare moments, they come, when the sun's
ling'ring rays

Have hush'd the wild music, and still'd are its
lays ;

They come, 'mid the soft-whispering breezes of
night,

And fall on the soul like a halo of light.

Spare moments, they come, at the first blush of
morn,

They come, when the dewdrops are fresh on
the lawn;

They come, when at noon-time we seek the soft
shade,

Where wild flowers bloom upon mountain and
glade.

They come, when the tempest of battle is o'er,
And hush'd is the sound of the deep cannon's
roar;

They come, to the lone, weary watcher at night,
Who weeps o'er the dying, when still is the
fight.

But alas! spare moments come not to the poor,
Who toil through the day, but their work is
not o'er;

But they come to the soul when life's labors end,
And with Love, Home, and Heaven, eternally
blend!

THE OLD HOMESTEAD.

THE dear old homestead, O, how chang'd,
Since childhood's early, happy morn ;
Where are the friends who stroll'd with me,
Out on the cool and pleasant lawn ?

One by one those friends have stray'd,
And here I stand, *almost* alone ;
The trees look green and beautiful,
As if to time and care unknown.

Grand old trees! your shady bowers,
Invite me still to linger near ;
But painful thoughts across my mind
Rush vividly, that once were dear.

The garden, then my anxious care,
Is cover'd o'er with grasses wild ;
My trellis'd vines, now in decay,
I lov'd when but a merry child.

The river still flows peacefully,
That on its tranquil bosom bore
The little boat, in which I sail'd
With loving friends, in days of yore

But ah! the friends that gather'd here
Have found in other lands a home ;
Not one is near my grief to share,
But all in distant countries roam.

The dear old home itself is gone ;
My room, that near the garden stood,
All, all is now consum'd by flames,
All, save the dark and lone wildwood.

The little stream is still the same
That softly murmur'd round the farm,
Till met by other waters bold—
The Stony Fork—lends a new charm.

Dark, deep and swift its waters flow'd,
When oft by rains and rills supplied ;
While round the eastern, rocky bend,
Its angry waves our skiff defied.

Roll on! ye foaming torrents roll,
No more they'll hear your angry roar;
No more upon your bosom borne
Will be the friends I lov'd of yore!

Another sacred spot, adieu!
The rugged cliff beside the brook,
Where oft I've sat, 'mid shady dells,
Alone and pensive, with my book.

No longer dear to me those scenes
Where first I felt the blush of love;
That far-off sigh of years long gone,
It wafts my soul to *One* above.

Then farewell river, cliffs, ravines,
My youthful dream of life is gone;
Yes, faded in oblivion's past,
The shadow'd dream of life's bright morn!

THE MERCENARY BRIDE.

A BEAUTIFUL young girl, the father's
pride,

Now stands at the altar, the old man's bride;
A joyless victim, she stands there in dread,
That peerless young bride, but lifts not her head.

'T was the old man's gold that bought the fair
child

Who coldly stands there, her heart almost wild;
And now she solemnly takes a sad vow,
As calmly before the altar they bow.

The father has sold his innocent child;
She loves not the groom who stands by her side;
How can she with love and tenderness cling
To the feeble old man? that palsied thing!

The conscience-stricken father now draws near,
And with grief beholds *one* tremulous tear;

Alas! when it is *too late*, he repents,
But the sorrowing bride never resents.

Why did I wed my sweet bud to that stem?
The wither'd old man has stolen my gem;
Alone I must live, with none to console,
I have sold my daughter for the old man's gold.

Oh! what do I care for the shining stuff,
My child is gone—I have more than enough;
'Tis shameful and vile my *dear one* to wed,
To tie her young life to a vine that is dead!

TO THE MEMORY OF MY HUSBAND.

FOND mem'ry lingers round thee still
At twilight's tranquil hour,
And oft when other hearts are light,
I seek our lonely bower.

There we have sat in converse sweet,
Amid the dews of even :
And heeded not the time that fled,
So much was *earth* like *Heaven*.

Those days are past, those joyous days,
Like sweet and pleasant songs ;
But mem'ry brings them back again,
And still my grief prolongs.

The happy dream of youth is past,
Its early joys have fled—
Its brightest, fondest hopes are crush'd,
And buried with the dead.

The whisp'ring breezes speak of thee,
And gently rippling stream ;
In dreams I see thy placid eyes—
On me they fondly beam.

It soothes my soul in balmy sleep
To have thee often near,
Tho' waking breaks the phantom spell
And leaves my heart more drear.

THE EXILE'S ADIEU.

A DIEU, sweet friends and home, adieu !
I go in distant lands to dwell ;
But oft will thoughts revert to you
And to the scenes I love so well.
A stranger's land shall be my home,
Far, far away from those I love ;
O'er foreign hills and vales I'll roam,
As joyless as the lonely dove.

The sun may shine as brightly there
As on my own dear forest hills,
There all as calm a face may wear
As softly flowing summer rills ;
And friends may be as kind as those
From whom I soon shall sadly part—
But like the blasted summer rose,
I'll ever wear a blighted heart !

The music there may be as sweet
As that sung in my native land,
And warbled forth in strains that greet
Each passer of their happy band.
Alas for me ! their joyous tones
Will have no art to please or cheer,
But from my heart sad tears and groans
Will then burst forth for those most dear !

The matin bells at Sabbath morn
May ring as clear, and sweetly sound,
And cheerful hearts may rise at dawn
To greet the notes that echo round ;
But though the hymn is chanted round
And sweetly accents on the ear,
The dulcet strains and joyful sound
Will only make my heart more drear !

For then sweet thoughts of friends and
home
Will gather thickly round my soul,
And swiftly from my heart of gloom
Flow bitter tears without control.

But though the trackless deep may flow
Between all earthly friends and me,
There is a joy, sweet joy, to know
Those friends in Heaven will shortly be !

And though the briny tears fall fast,
These thoughts will calm my troubled breast,
Take from my heart deep sorrow's cast,
And gently lull my soul to rest.
Should storms and bleak winds rudely blow,
Should I a child of sorrow be,
There is a joy, sweet joy, to know
Those friends in Heaven at last I'll see.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE.

BROTHER, thou art called from earth,
The quiet grave is now thy bed;
No more we hear thy tones of mirth,
Thou sleepest with the silent dead!

No more we see thy sparkling eye,
Nor view again thy lovely face;
Here, underneath this sod, you lie,
Hallowed be thy resting place.

This tree droops o'er thy lonely urn,
Its branches wave above thy head,
Its leaves in sorrow meekly turn,
Then rest, above thy peaceful bed.

Brother, thou wast called away
E'er sin had stained thy spotless brow;
Thy form now rests with kindred clay,
Thy spirit dwells with Jesus now.

Torn from us by a wat'ry grave,
We mourned thy fate, dear brother ;
But you a golden crown shall wave ;
Rest, rest, in Heaven, with mother !

Thy sainted spirit roams on high,
Bright angels thy companions are,
Away above the deep blue sky
Thou dwellest in heav'nly mansions far !

Though parted, we shall meet again,
On Heaven's blissful, happy shore ;
Together on that sunny plain
We'll dwell in joy and part no more.

THE LOCK OF HAIR.

STOR'D away with treasures rare
For sixteen years I've kept,
One little lock of flaxen hair,
O'er which I've often wept.

My daily task it was to dress
This silken lock of hair ;
More sacred now to me this tress
Than sparkling diamonds rare.

I prize this simple lock of hair
So careful laid away,
More highly than the sun's last glare
That crowns the closing day.

And when I look upon this tress
Of softly curling hair,
I think of him, his fond caress,
And dimpled cheek so fair.

Dear little tress, once more I look,
While teardrops silent flow—
Then safe within this secret nook
My sacred treasure, go.

'T is but a little thing to wake
Sad mem'ries long since dead,
But little objects often make
The miseries we dread.

'T is all that's left of him so dear,
Who was our tender care—
'T is all that's left our hearts to cheer,
This tiny lock of hair.

TO MY SONS.

DEPRIVED by death in life's bright
morn

Of a father's watchful care,
Together bound by sacred ties,
One common fate they share ;
Though stern misfortune often frowns
And hurls her threat'ning darts,
Industriously they labor on
With willing hands and hearts.

No hero on the battle field,
Fighting for conquest dear,
E'er struggled with more energy
His comrades brave to cheer ;
And often in my darkest hours,
With no one to console,
I pray to God most fervently
Their life-barques to control.

And *ever* I am *proud* of them,
My noble, gen'rous boys ;
Around their true and loving hearts
Are cluster'd all my joys.
Only two sons I now have left,
They are my jewels rare ;
And with them blend my fondest hopes,
A mother's anxious care.

Four years I've look'd to them each day
For a protecting care ;
While idle youths engaged in fun,
My darlings were not there.
Fond brothers, they have ever lov'd,
Joined by affections strong ;
With wives and children joyously,
Their useful lives prolong.

SPEAK GENTLY.

SPEAK gently to thy mother, boy,
Her lonely bosom cheer ;
Kind words will thrill her soul with joy,
And quell the rising tear.

Speak gently to thy father, boy,
He needs kind words from thee :
'T will help to fill his cup of joy
'Pon life's dark, surging sea.

Speak gently to thy sister, boy,
Mild as the harmless dove—
Though often timid, shy, and coy,
Her heart 's a well of love.

Speak gently to thy brother, boy,
That bounding lad, so brave ;
His mind is not a gilded toy,
Light as the ocean wave.

Speak gently to the humble poor,
They have much *here* to bear;
Share with them your bounteous store,
And lighten up their care.

Speak gently to the aged one,
The vet'ran soldier drear;
Life's battles o'er—the conquest won—
He lives on mem'ries dear.

Speak gently to the stranger, lone,
“An angel in disguise;”
Let no rude word or angry tone,
Cause the sad tear to rise:

A wand'rer from his native land,
Away from friends and home—
Extend to him a kindly hand,
And bid him no more roam.

MY HEART BLOSSOMS.

THREE jewels, bright and beautiful,
Adorn'd our happy home :
One lovely bloom, our sweetest bud,
Now sleeps beneath the loam.
An angel came with noiseless tread,
And on his bosom bore
My little boy with sunny smiles,
Who play'd beside the door.

How dark and drear my home to me,
Without his fond caress ;
A mother's anguish—who can tell ?
Who paint her heart distress ?
His last sweet words—they echo still
Around my heart so lone ;
His last fond kiss, the last farewell,
His last, sad, dying moan !

Many years have pass'd since then,
And deeper wounds been torn:
But ah! my *first* heart-rending grief
Was long and sadly borne!
It came when love and hope were bright,
And crush'd my fondest dream;
How dark the night that bore away
My beautiful sunbeam!

Another bosom felt the wound,
The agonizing grief—
A noble father, chaste and good,
Who sought to give relief:
But now, alas! that father sleeps
Entomb'd in honor'd grave;
And side by side they rest in peace,
The gentle and the brave!

THE BRIDE'S FAREWELL.

SORROWING friends with tearful eyes
Were gather'd round the joyous bride;
Friends, home and kindred, what were they,
While ling'ring near her husband's side?

He who had won her virgin heart
Now gladly claim'd the prize his own,
And trustingly she left *all—all*,
To go forth with the dear unknown.

Now the *last* sad kiss was given,
The last farewell softly said—
And she, the chaste and happy bride,
Was gently by that dear one led.

Far away from childhood scenes
He proudly bore his blushing bride;
She, in her innocence and joy,
Now clung to him with youthful pride.

He took her to his Western home
Where all was bright and beautiful ;
And fondly to his bosom clasp'd
His Ella, meek and dutiful.

Transplanted in a distant soil,
With loving friends to cheer and bless,
She grieves not for the dear ones left,
Or ever feels a heart distress.

A tender love, refined and pure,
Mingles with all their tranquil joys ;
While hand in hand, with loving hearts,
A noble work their time employs.

THE MOSQUITO.

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*

ON a pleasant day in the month of June,
When sleeping sweetly one bright afternoon,

A cruel mosquito, buzzing around,
Suddenly awoke me by his queer sound ;
One eye had receiv'd a wound from his sting,
But swift as thought he was soon on the wing ;
I arose from my lounge, rubbing my eye,
The wicked insect nowhere could I spy.

But quickly a thought came up in my mind,
That round it a little rhyme I would wind :
Oft I have wonder'd what use they *could be*,
Pouncing on us like an impudent flea ;
But now they give me a theme for my pen,
Better for me they had staid in their den ;
Of all the insects I ever have met,
They are the most insinuating set.

Let but a soft breeze be wafted within,
Next comes a mosquito, sharp as a pin ;
Should we close our blinds to keep out the sun,
In the dark corners they are sure to run.
'T is only under a bar we can hide,
And then they often creep in at the side ;
Motion, motion, is the best we can do,
Perpetual motion we must *now* woo.

Or out in the sunlight seek a retreat,
Where rippling waters flow soft at our feet ;
Suppose we build a dense smoke in our room,
This soon fills the house all over with gloom :
While I write they are singing about my ear,
Dear me, dear me, they are getting *too* near ;
I must throw down my pen, rush out in the air,
Or I shall be stung by the buzzing pair !

TO FANNIE.

I KNEW a lady young and gay,
Who ever sang a cheerful lay ;
Her brow wore not a shade of care,
For all was calm and peaceful there.

But in that happy hour there came
A lover who was seeking fame,
And to affection's holy shrine
Bowed in meekness most divine.

She gave her pure and virgin heart,
Gently pierced by Cupid's dart ;
And in that happy moment thought
Not of the pangs that bosom bought.

Soon the slanderous tongue proclaim'd
That he for recklessness was fam'd ;
And then her early hopes were riven,
Although that heart was freely given.

At first she heeded not the word
Which from false slander's tongue was
heard,

But in a thoughtless hour she broke
The vows which first affection spoke.

To him a cruel letter went ;
With it an aching heart was sent ;
And then she thought forgetfulness
Would soon restore her happiness.

But from that fatal, hapless day,
Her heart has felt no joyous ray ;
Still in that bosom dwells a thorn,
For all her brightest hopes are gone !

TO MY ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

IT was on a bright day in early spring,
When merry birds were beginning to sing,
My home was rifled of its fairest flower,
And lone I sat in my shady bower ;
A delicate young babe was brought to me,
Who was gently weeping, though bitterly ;
But the innocent babe of fragile mold
I could not love *then*, for my heart was cold.

Stern Death had robb'd me of my darling boy,
And sore disease had clouded ev'ry joy ;
How could I to my aching bosom press
The orphan ^{*}lonely with my heart distress ?
Sadly I gazed, while my husband bore
The weeping infant through my boudoir door ;
Love, pity, and deep affection flow'd,
A tender passion in my bosom glow'd.

As time roll'd on, around my heart was twin'd
For her a holy love, chaste and refin'd;
And as she grew in years she grew in grace,
Soft as the silv'ry wave her downy face;
Obedient, gen'rous, and kind she grew,
Was *most* highly priz'd by those she knew;
A priceless jewel, doubly dear to those,
Who know her best, the sweetest, fairest rose.

Within my heart one lonely corner drear
She fills, with kindness and affection's tear—
Whene'er I press her to my aching breast,
And know that she returns my fond caress.
I feel my work has not been all in vain,
“A soft, still voice” whispers, low and plain,
The flower to you in sorrow given,
Nurture, train, fit, and prepare for Heaven.

THE BATTLE FIELD AT NIGHT.

HARK ! hark ! I hear the distant roar
Out in the midnight gloom ;
Fierce battle's strife will soon be o'er,
I hear the cannon's boom !

Death rides triumphant on the field,
Our enemies are slain ;
And conquering hosts are on the way
Returning home again.

But far behind a soldier lies
Upon the battle plain ;
He nobly fell before the foe,
And sleeps beside the slain.

No gentle sister's tender voice
Was near to soothe his pain,
No anxious brother stood around
To look upon the slain.

No father's hand upheld his boy
While struggling in the fight,
But "God, who arms the patriot,"
Was with him through the night.

No corselet shone upon his breast
As on the field he lay ;
No mother's tears fell o'er his corse,
For she was far away.

Alone in death poor Bennie lay,
With none to shed a tear ;
But leaning on his Savior's breast,
That hero felt no fear.

TO MRS. BRONSON BAYLISS.

HOW many sad and weary hearts
Have found a home within thine own !
How many orphan tears been dried,
None but our God *alone* has known !

I saw a group of lonely babes
Around thy hearth one gloomy day ;
Their hearts were sad, no joy had they,
Mother and friends were far away.

The scene was chang'd—I went again,
Three bright and happy children came
To greet me with their joyous smiles,
And one, a little boy, was lame.

A refuge from the cold, cold world,
That poor afflicted boy had found ;
The wounds were healing in his heart,
His loving soul to thee was bound.

A mother's place, how well you fill'd,
A fond, devoted mother dead—
Those precious babes by you were rear'd—
By you—the anxious tear was shed.

Years pass'd away—that boy was heal'd,
Your namesake, *little Lou*, was dead ;
An elder sister claim'd her place,
Whom to the house of God you led.

The sands of time another brought—
Another was by you caress'd ;
To each you gave a welcome kiss,
And warmly to your bosom press'd.

One by one those charming virgins
Were to the nuptial altar led ;
The boy, restor'd to health again,
Away to other lands has fled.

You stand alone—yet not alone,
A noble husband comes at ev'n ;
A princely mansion is your home,
It seems *almost* an earthly Ed'n.

The bloom of youth you seem to wear,
Though forty years or more have flown,
Since first dame Nature claim'd you hers,
Or you to hoary Time were known.

"THE LIGHT'S COME OUT, MAMMA."

HOW sweetly fall from infant lips
 The blessed words of love!
 How sweetly to a mother's ear
 When uttered by *her dove*!

"The light's come out, Mamma," was said
 One bright and lovely morn—
 "The light's come out, let us *dit* up;"
 These words were said at dawn.

A score of years *almost*, since then,
 On time's dark wing has flown,
 And he who uttered these sweet words
 Has pass'd to worlds unknown.

Painted in gold on mem'ry's page,
 These treasured words how bright!
 How like an angel's voice they come
 In whisp'rings of the night!

“Mamma,” little Phille said one day,
“Let’s die and go to Heaven ;
Then we will have a golden harp,
And we can play at even.”

Months pass’d away ; my bright-eyed boy
Grew weak, and sick, and cold,
And threw his arms around my neck,
So faint he scarce could hold.

I clasp’d him fondly to my breast
With all a mother’s fear ;
And then I felt, ah ! keenly felt,
That death was drawing near !

Eight days of fev’rish restlessness
He tossed upon his bed ;
I watched beside his dying couch
With anxious fear and dread.

Convulsions blurr’d his tender cheek,
Death’s agonies were strong ;
It seem’d a beautiful angel
Pealed forth a merry song.

A Heavenly smile lit up his face,
For life was ebbing fast ;
Another beauteous smile arose,
The sweetest, 't was his last.

That *last, sweet smile* comes back to-day,
Seen through the lapse of years—
Comes softly, as the falling dew,
And mingles with my tears.

A DESCRIPTION

*Of MISS MAY JOHNSTON, while reading her Graduating Essay,
Valedictory Address, and receiving the last honors of St. Agnes
Academy, June 18, 1874*

HOW calm and beautiful she stood
Before the waiting crowd—
While ev'ry eye was fix'd on her,
As gracefully she bow'd.

“The Barque of Life, well tried and true,”
And launch'd by oars strong,
Was ably handled, well propell'd,
And echoed as a song.

Spell-bound her hearers noiseless sat,
While down the stream of Time
She bore them o'er the mountain crags,
Grand, lofty and sublime!

We follow'd in her fancies bright
Each dell, and nook, and bend,
And wonder'd from her eagle flight
How she could well descend.

Onward and onward still she soar'd,
Above the world of light—
Then mournfully her voice she lower'd,
Soft as a dream of night.

In tears was heard the sad farewell,
Teachers and comrades dear
Sat silently, with moisten'd eyes,
Too sad, by far, to cheer.

Hush'd and still the audience sat,
As from the stage at last,
With flowing robes of spotless white,
She calmly by them pass'd.

Sadly before the crowd she knelt,
Proud of her honors bright—
While gently o'er her head was thrown
The golden medal light.

The medal, emblem of success,
Diligence and power,
Suspended round her snowy neck,
A bright, jewel'd flower.

The vestal queen at night, array'd
In all her splendor bright,
Could not surpass this peerless maid
Crown'd with a wreath of white.

THE PEARL OF FAITH.

I ASK not for the brilliant joys
Which earthly pleasures give—
I ask not for the gilded toys
Which will not always live!

The richest gems of earth will fade,
The sweetest flowers die;
And all the gold that man has made,
Will soon take wings and fly!

The diamond wreath around thy brow,
Which looks so bright and fair,
Could tell a tale of anguish now
While sparkling in thy hair.

Fame's chaplet, too, will wither soon,
And pass from earth away;
The blushing buds, so fresh at noon,
Will only last a day!

But there 's a jewel, rich and bright,
That shineth from above—
It giveth light, though dark the night,
And fills the soul with love.

That star is Faith—the pilgrim's guide—
It soothes him here below ;
It spreads the Heavenly portals wide,
And bids him onward go.

Oh ! give me but that precious star,
The gem of Faith to wear,
When death all earthly pleasures mar,
Oh ! place it in my hair !

When on celestial walks I stand,
Within the gates of Eden,
And view that pure and holy land
With all the bless'd in Heaven,

Then let it sparkle in my crown,
This pearl of Faith I wear ;
My armor then I will lay down,
And in Thy glory share !

TO THE MEMORY OF
LITTLE JENNIE MOORE,
Of Murfreesboro, Tenn.

MOTHER, weep not! tho' dark the cloud
That hangs around thy spirit bow'd;
Behind the vale, in Heavenly climes,
Your darling Jennie sweetly smiles.

Weep not! your little bird has flown,
Away from earth, to worlds unknown;
Sweet warbler in a land of rest,
Her home is with the pure and blest.

An angel came, with golden wing,
To hear your little birdie sing;
Charm'd by the music, soft and sweet,
She bore her to the Savior's feet.

One link is broken in the chain,
Your first and only babe is slain;
'T was not in anger, but in love,
The Father bore your child above.

To woo *your* spirit to that land
Where all is beautiful and grand,
He took your little bird away
To dwell where all is endless day.

The morning light has dawn'd around,
She hears angelic music sound;
No more, no more, on earth she 'll roam,
But softly sings, At home, sweet home !

Where Jesus dwells, and seraphs roam,
Mother, your babe has found a home ;
And when you lisp your prayer at even,
Sweet little birdie will sing in Heaven.

THE RAINBOW.

ONE beautiful morn in the month of May,
When flowers were cover'd all o'er with
spray—

I stood near my window, fronting the well,
And calmly watched for a dear gazelle.

The lilies were blooming sweetly that day,
The children were out in the forest at play;
I drew up the shade, and soft was the breeze
That gently waved, 'mid flowers and trees.

Away in the east I saw a dark cloud,
Which spread over earth like a mantling shroud;
Hoarse thunders were mutt'ring sullen that way,
And lightning flashes were vivid at play.

The herd on the lawn looked wildly around,
And raindrops were falling fast to the ground—

When the sun came forth, 'mid a shower of
tears,
And quickly a brilliant rainbow appears.

It spread far out with a radiant glow,
Encompassing earth in a circling bow ;
From north to south it enveloped the skies,
With rapturous beauty, dazzling the eyes.

As I gazed on the tranquil scene that day,
Far in the distance it faded away—
And left in the heavens, floating above,
A soft, fleecy cloud, sweet emblem of love.

TO MOLLIE.

DEAR Mollie, could I call thee mine,
The fondly priz'd of other years ;
Could love around thy heart entwine
A wreath of beauty seen through tears ;
Oh ! Mollie, couldst thou read this heart,
That never knew another shrine—
Thou wouldst not from me coldly part,
But let me love thee, call thee mine !

Thy magic voice has often cheer'd
This wayward heart of sad unrest—
And held my soul to earth endear'd,
For lingering near thee, I was bless'd.
When on thy way to school one morn,
The Convent bells were loudly rung,
'T was when our love was in its dawn,
And care was from us lightly flung.

How anxiously I watch'd the lawn,
To catch a glimpse of thee that day !

And boldly I defied their scorn,
Should holy Sisters come that way.
We met—you smil'd—how bless'd was I,
To feel *that* smile was all my own !
But now we meet, you only sigh,
And look on me as one unknown.

Oh ! Mollie, smile on me once more,
That dear, sweet smile of long ago !
When you and I, in blithesome glee,
Went forth amid the winter's snow ;
When by your side I stood to catch
Soft music floating in the air—
Or from your hair fresh garlands snatch,
That hung so beautifully there.

Then, Mollie, smile on me once more,
That dear, sweet smile of long ago ;
From my lone heart remove the sore,
The sad distress you cannot know.
Then, I'll return to life again,
And cherish long those dear, sweet smiles ;
I'll drive away this weary pain,
And seek repose in Cupid's wiles.

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE!

NEARER, O, my God, to Thee,
My wand'ring thoughts I bring;
Nearer to a throne of grace,
Oh, may I daily sing!

The joys of earth pass away
Like phantoms in a dream—
But grief hangs around the soul,
More dark than ocean's stream.

Amid life's gay and festive hours
The thoughts will sometimes roam;
But when those joys fade away,
The spirit pines for home.

That home beyond the vale,
Far, far away from earth,
Where purest joys ever reign
Unclogg'd by sinful mirth.

May I humbly claim when laid
Beneath the verdant sod,
A rest where lov'd ones reign,
Around the throne of God!

Together may we linger,
Amid the shades of Eden ;
And together may we roam
The pearly streets of Heaven.

Oh, together may we meet
The sacramental host,
Who feast on richer treasures
Around the Holy Ghost.

Nearer, O, my God, to Thee,
We then shall surely be ;
Loos'd from earth, the caged bird
Will soar aloft to Thee!

TO MAY.

I SAW thee smile, my heart was cheer'd,
It spoke kind thoughts of me;
To see that smile, and hear that voice,
It fill'd my soul with glee.

My fond affections round thee twine,
At midnight's silent hour;
Thou 'rt with me in my waking dreams,
My sweet and lovely flower.

Where'er I stray, where'er I roam,
That smile, it haunts me still;
More beautiful to me thou art
Than valley, plain, or hill.

I prize the treasures of thy mind,
Thy stately form I love;
Thy soft and pensive eyes, so mild,
And gentle, like the dove.

I love to linger near thy door,
My own, my precious May ;
I love in solitude to roam,
And think of thee by day.

I love to clasp within my own
Thy soft and tender hand ;
I love to gaze within those eyes
That look on me so bland.

Forgive, dear May, these hasty lines,
And still remember me ;
Though calm and quiet be my love,
'T is deeper than the sea.

THE SLEEPING INFANT.

SLEEP on, thou lovely cherub, sleep,
Sweet angels ever guard thy rest ;
With joy they watch thy slumbers deep,
And soothe the sorrows of thy breast.

No anguish now thy bosom rends,
But calmly rests thy sleeping frame ;
While Jesus o'er thee mildly bends
And breathes sweet blessings on thy name.

Sweet be thy slumbers, lovely one !
With not a care upon thy brow ;
And when thy earthly race is run,
O may thy sleep be sweet as now !

May then, as now, sweet angels stand,
Around thy blissful soul above,
To greet thee in that happy land
With songs of praise and Heavenly love.

SAD MEMORIES.

'TIS said that "Time can heal all wounds,"
That sorrows pass away ;
That dear ones, with their joyful sounds,
Are treasur'd but a day.

Long years have flown, but sorrow's chain
Around my heart still hangs ;
Tho' none may know the bitter pain,
The agonizing pangs.

Time steals away the bloom of youth,
But leaves a careworn brow ;
It tells a tale of bitter truth,
And oft a broken vow.

As we ascend the rugged hill
Toward the heavenly clime,
Fond mem'ry claims her jewels still,
Despite the lapse of time.

Though youthful hearts with joy may thrill,
And cheer us for an hour,
Sad thoughts will hover round us still,
In our lonely bower.

The wither'd oak may seem to bloom,
Wrapp'd in its coat of green ;
The blooming vine may hide the gloom,
The tree may not be seen.

That blighted trunk supports the vine
That gives its body life ;
Those verdant leaves on it recline,
With not a word of strife

So we, the with'ring, bleeding stems,
Support our fragile young ;
And round us shine the sparkling gems
That from our bosoms sprung.

New light and life they seem to give,
And hide the gloom within ;
But on the fading stalk they live,
Secure from deadly sin.

TO FLORENCE.

A LONE and sad, she sat apart
From the gay and giddy crowd—
Thinking now of the far-off past,
Softly veil'd in a mystic cloud.

She was pondering o'er the days
When a bright and merry child ;
With a loving father's hand in hers,
They roamed o'er the forest wild.

But now, no father's sweet caress
Did she feel, as she sat apart ;
No mother's tender voice was heard,
Falling softly on her bruis'd heart.

“ Oh ! why am I so lone ? ” she thought,
“ With no fond hearts to care for me ?
Why was my mother torn away,
And I left on life's turbid sea ?

“ Mother ! oh ! my darling mother,
Gladly would I have died with thee !
And gladly by thy side been laid,
To rest in Heaven joyously.

“ My father ! oh ! most cruel fate,
Was foully snatched away from me ;
Does God avenge his loving ones,
His children, who mourn bitterly ?

“ ‘ Vengeance is mine, I will repay.’
Blessed words ! they come from Heav’n ;
And on my soul with healing balm,
Fall softly as the dews of ev’n.

“ Then I will suffer and be strong,
Since ’t is my Holy Father’s will ;
And though an orphan lone I am,
Hush murmurings, be calm and still.”

THE POOR RICH IN FAITH.

HOW blest the humble poor, who seek
To crown the closing day
With holy, humble, contrite prayer,
Soft as the falling spray !
The hour for evening prayer has come,
The busy day's work o'er ;
With tranquil hearts they gather round
The time-worn cottage door.

The father kneels in fervent prayer,
Sweet blessings to implore ;
The mother with her darling babes
Bows on the well-swept floor.
And while they lift their pleading hearts
In humble, child-like tones,
From Heaven is wafted saving faith,
Which calms their troubled moans.

Their treasures all around them bow'd,
With not a thought of care—
Their souls in pious ecstasy
Flow out to God in prayer.
Together bound by loving ties
While marching through the vale,
They struggle on and falter not
Nor heed the tempest gale.

A numerous offspring, brave and true,
Their brightest, purest gems—
In clusters rich, around their home,
Adorn the parent stems.
Content to dwell in humble life,
No costly garb they wear ;
But robes of righteousness adorn
The rich and happy pair.

THE LONELY MAIDEN.

THE crowds were assembled most joyously,
And the voices of many rang merrily—
But apart from the throng, near a window lone,
Sat Lula, in silence and sorrow, unknown.

Her cheeks wore no roses—her face wore no
smiles ;

Her thoughts were wandering to far distant
isles ;

Thus sat fair Lula, from the joyous apart,
Alone 'midst the gleeful, in sadness of heart.

Once she was light-hearted and mirthful as they,
The delight of her friends in a happier day ;
But sorrow and wrongs her spirit had bow'd,
And now she was lonely e'en in the gay crowd.

Poor Lula had lov'd, and deep was the flame,
That glow'd in her bosom for one of fair name ;

For years she had lov'd him, who promis'd in
youth,
To break not the vows they had plighted in
truth.

In sorrow or anguish she clung to him still,
And often submissively yielded her will ;
But false to the vows her lover had taken,
He left her to pine in sadness forsaken.

THE PILGRIM.

THE wayworn pilgrim travels on each day,
Unconscious of the hours that pass away;
No ties to bind his fainting soul to earth,
He shuns the scenes of gayety and mirth.

With tranquil thought, and polish'd armor
bright,
With bold resolve the wicked world to fight,
Onward he toils, nor heeds the things around,
Though oft a victim to discordant sound.

Temptations fierce assault him by the way,
But strength from God is given ev'ry day;
The star of faith directs his course aright,
Though dark and stormy be the bitter night.

His little bark upon the ocean wave,
Onward he steers, with steady hand and brave;

Though often tortur'd by a frowning sea,
He wavers not, but rushes to the lee.

And now his long-sought home is just in view,
He sees the holy city, grand and new ;
The haven is gain'd, no more will he roam,
But will rest forever, at home, sweet home !

THY MOTHER.

WHO, when disease lurk'd in thy
veins,

And pensive was thine eye;
Calmly bore thee on her aching breast,
And heav'd a troubled sigh?

Thy mother.

Who, when fever parch'd thy lips,
And threaten'd early death,
Nurs'd beside thy little bed,
And watch'd thy ev'ry breath?

Thy mother.

Who, when the roseate hue of health
Was blooming in thy face,
Look'd fondly on thy smiling cheek,
That wore a soften'd grace?

Thy mother.

Who, when thy wayward brothers teas'd
And gave thee pungent grief,
Sooth'd thy troubled brow, my child,
And brought thee sweet relief?
Thy mother.

And who, with anxious care for thee,
Thy little head to store,
With learning much from irksome books,
Toil'd with thee more and more?
Thy mother.

Who, when in classic school you stood
And learning gave you pain,
Explain'd the arduous lessons,
And made them very plain?
Thy mother.

Who, when vacation came at last,
And books were laid away,
Sent thee out, 'mid trees and flowers,
On the green lawn to play?
Thy mother.

And who, when wearied with thy play,
 My own, my precious charge,
 Who prayed to God fervently,
 Thy pleasures to enlarge?
 Thy mother.

Then, dearest child, ne'er wound that heart,
 That would not give thee pain;
 But always seek, by gentle words,
 Her happiness to gain—
 Thy mother's.

LOOK TO CHRIST.

TEMPTATIONS dark around me lay,
And veil'd my Savior from my sight;
No light appear'd to cheer my way,
No voice dispell'd the mystic night:
Weeks roll'd away, the clouds remain'd,
The tempter hurl'd his darts severe;
No calm within my bosom reign'd,
The world to me was dark and drear.

I pray'd in agony, and wept,
The clouds grew darker day by day;
The tempter close around me kept,
And threw his darts within my way.
The lovely earth had lost its charm,
Sweet Nature wore a sable robe;
I look'd around in sad alarm,
And felt this world a dreary globe.

The Bible, holy, blessed book,
Was wrapp'd in dark, mysterious gloom;
To Heaven I cast a weary look.

And lo! I saw a beauteous bloom!
The star of Hope, serenely bright,
Adorn'd in radiant vesture rare,
And Christ, the Savior, glory light,
Shone in Heaven, divinely fair!

The clouds dispers'd, I look'd around,
The tempter fled, my chains were gone;
No more my captive soul was bound,
But gently to my Savior drawn.
That Bible, blessed treasure, fill'd
My happy soul with calm delight;
Peace, joy, and love, my bosom thrill'd,
The gloomy earth again look'd bright!

TO MY SISTER.

ALTHOUGH your face a smile may wear
As if no shade of care were there,
And ever in the giddy crowd
Your thoughtless laugh rings clear and loud;
Yet, sister, there is *one* who knows
There's sorrow deep beneath these glows;
Yes, there a hidden sorrow lies
That veils itself in secret sighs.

To all your eyes may not reveal
The silent grief they would conceal;
But from a sister's earnest gaze
Naught is conceal'd in joyous lays.
The saddest face a smile may wear,
The darkest brow seem free from care,
And often thrill with joyful tones,
When inwardly the spirit moans!

Oh! think not, that because you see
A face all joy and mirthful glee,
No sorrow ever rends that breast
Or robs it of its peaceful rest!
Often beneath that smiling brow
Which wears no shade of sorrow now,
The deepest, bitt'rest anguish lies
Which seeks to veil itself in smiles!

A THOUGHT OF HOME.

THOUGH far from the land of childhood
I roam,
Oft, oft, will my thoughts stray back to my
home ;
And though with bright joys my bosom may
thrill,
Sweet land of my youth, I'll think of thee still!

I'll think of those days, when happy and free,
I wander'd away, full of joy and glee—
And sweet friends at home, I think of you yet,
Your dear, happy smiles. I can never forget.

How dear to me still, those days when a child,
I stray'd over hill and valley so wild ;
Or gaz'd on the sky, so tranquil at even,
Till my soul caught a view of the glory of
Heaven!

Alas! those sweet moments have faded and
gone,

Like sparkling dewdrops, erst shining at morn;

Or beautiful sunbeams, smiling at noon,

That fall on the leafy bowers in June!

TO JENNIE.

ONCE I priz'd thee, thought thee mine,
And gaz'd on thee with fond delight ;
But ah ! those joyous days are gone,
And left my soul in darkest night !

Those azure eyes, that charm the soul,
On me no longer beam with joy ;
Thou art fair, girl, but false as fair,
The shining gold is sad alloy.

Let me forget that once I lov'd
As fair a gem as earth e'er claims,
Oh ! perish ev'ry thought of her !
My soul, my inmost soul, exclaims !

Farewell, my false one, fare thee well !
Why was I doom'd to dark despair ?
Sad is my fate, ah ! doubly sad
To know thee false, and *yet so fair !*

But I forgive thee, wish thee well,
Though my poor heart be breaking still,
Peaceful be thy rest, fair flower—
Peaceful as the beauteous rill!

But when thy heart is gay and light,
And friends are looking on with glee—
When others smile and fondly bless,
Sometimes *lisp a prayer for me!*

TWILIGHT.

HOW softly falls the closing day,
When all our cares are brush'd away,
And quietly we seek some shade
Within a pleasant sylvan glade !

How sweet, when all the stars of night
Send forth their calm and silv'ry light,
To sit beneath the pearly sky
And view the countless worlds on high !

How grand, to view the vestal queen
Afar off, in her beauty seen,
Surrounded by her subjects bright,
Who fill the lurid clouds with light !

How sweet, to lift our hearts to Heaven
And *all* our sins to feel forgiven !
How sweet, to think of friends above,
The treasur'd friends, whom *still* we love !

How sweet, to look beyond the vale
Where *no more* is heard the widow's wail;
By faith to hear angelic songs
Wafted on high from joyous tongues!

How grand, how lofty is the scene
That fancy paints in living green;
How brightly shines that world of light,
Which never had a gloomy night!

Lost to earth in beauteous day,
The soul forgets this realm of clay—
And soars aloft to worlds on high
Where angel spirits never sigh!

Sweet at this hour is sacred prayer,
Ah! doubly sweet when whisper'd there;
Beneath the coronet of love,
The gentle stars that shine above!

IN MEMORY OF MATTIE AVENT.

CHILD of affliction, thou art gone to rest,
And left an aching void within our breast;
The tender care of many anxious years,
No more we feel, but bitter falling tears.

When of our children oft we've been bereft,
We've wonder'd much to think thee always left;
And sometimes thought 't were better thou
 shouldst go,
But now, alas! our hearts are fill'd with woe!

Though sweetly in the quiet grave you sleep,
Mattie, dear, darling child, the wound is deep;
A mother's tears will keep thy mem'ry green,
And from her soul each sinful pleasure wean.

So peacefully the angel glided in,
And gently bore our child away from sin;

We meekly feel our hearts drawn out in love
To praise the hand that pluck'd our cherish'd
dove.

As years roll onward, down the sands of Time,
And oft, at midnight, requiem bells may chime,
Our chasten'd spirits, woo'd from earth each
day,
Will calmly think of pleasures pass'd away.

Oh, Lord, our Father! draw our hearts to
Thee!

Thy love in all our sorrows may we see;
Thy children, pure and holy, may we live
In future years—to Thee our spirits give!

SACRED THOUGHTS.

A MID the stillness of my quiet room,
A pleasant vision oft dispels my gloom—
Sadly unfolds the scenes of other years,
And gently wipes away my falling tears.

Oh ! hallow'd moments, would they always last,
Those nightly visions of the happy past—
How calm and peaceful would my spirit be,
Like smiling wavelets on a slumbering sea !

But as the summer cloud at break of day,
Those pleasant dreams ere long will fade away ;
Alas ! the joys of other years have fled,
My fondest hopes are buried with the dead !

A lonely pilgrim down the stream of time,
I travel onward 'midst a world of crime ;
No friend to greet me on life's dreary way,
No voice to soothe me at the close of day !

Hope bids me look far down the hill of time,
Far away from this terrestrial clime,
To brighter scenes entwin'd within the view—
A panorama beautiful and new !

The scene unfolds, a noble form appears,
Whose holy presence soon dispels my fears ;
And gently leaning on the Savior's breast,
My murder'd husband sleeps beside the blest !

MY MOUNTAIN HOME.

OH! give me back my mountain home,
Where flow'rets bloom in ev'ry nook!
Where Nature's songsters come at morn
To sing beside the sparkling brook!

Oh! give me back my mountain home,
That stood beneath the chestnut tree;
The lowly vale, the forest shade,
That overlook'd the calm, blue sea!

Oh! give me back my mountain home,
My gentle sister, long since gone—
Who played with me beside the sea,
Or on the soft and verdant lawn!

Oh! give me back my mountain home,
Where crystal dewdrops shine at morn;
The lowing cattle on the hills
That greeted me at early dawn!

Oh! give me back my mountain home,
The friends I used to love so dear;
My snowy lambs, that play'd all day,
And gamboll'd round the spring so clear!

Oh! give me back my mountain home,
My dog, my gun, my huntsman's horn;
The wild woods free, where oft I've track'd
The nimble roe or frightened fawn!

Oh! give me back my mountain home,
My rippling streams and shady dells;
What care I for your city pomp,
Your lofty domes, your sounding bells?

Oh! give me back my mountain home,
My dear old mother sitting there—
Who frown'd upon her wayward boy,
But always brush'd away his care!

More sacred now that mother's tears
Than all the smiles that others give;
Then give me back my mountain home,
Where all her noble virtues live!

IN MEMORY OF SAMUEL TODD.

MYSTERIOUS are the ways of Heaven,
Dark and fitful as the clouds of even;
Tho' bright the morning sun at dawn appears,
At dewy evening it may set in tears.

I knew an amiable and lovely youth,
In manhood's bloom, he was the soul of truth;
But by consumption's insidious hand
Was borne slow, but sure, on life's fatal strand.

Hope's sweetest blossom, the mother's purest
joy,
This wither'd flower was her darling boy;
But the bird of Heaven plum'd his wing,
And away from his soul pluck'd death's deep
sting.

Then, mother, sigh not for your absent son,
A new life with him has just now begun ;
A beautiful life he enjoys above,
Where angel seraphs sing ever of love.

The chain is broken, another link gone,
Three of your rosebuds withered at morn ;
But fairer and brighter they 'll bloom again,
When reunited to the broken chain.

But there 's a link on earth that binds you here,
Another in Heaven that draws you there ;
When the last link here is broken on earth,
A bright reunion will be the new birth.

TO MY GRAND-DAUGHTER,
ANNIE R.

WHEN first we heard our Annie's
voice,

'T was sweetest music ever heard ;
Softly it stole upon the ear,
Like vernal zephyrs wafted near.

Sweet, lovely flower, pearly gem,
A jewel fair and beautiful—
With dark brown locks, and azure eyes
Which sparkle like the sunny skies.

How pure and good, and gentle, too,
Is our dearest little Annie !
Oh ! may she lift our hearts above
To Him who gave the flower of love !

Teach us, oh, Lord, to rear the flower
Which thou hast given us this day ;

To decorate a crown of love,
Encircled with bright gems above !

Oh ! may she by her gentle life,
Win many souls from sin's dark paths ;
This bright bud to parents given,
May she, with them, bloom in Heaven !

ALONE.

WHAT desolation hangs around
This little word, Alone !
'Tis night, mysterious midnight,
And I am all alone !
I cannot sleep, the stars of night
Are shining above me ;
The old clock upon the mantel
Moves on, on, quietly ;
But all else around is silent,
Silent as the lone grave—
No blithesome sounds greet my ear,
No, not ev'n a rippling wave !

The deep stillness of this lone hour
Falls softly on the soul,
Like the voice of a loving friend
On the eve of the goal.
Who has not, in the dark, still night,
Felt the last joy depart ?

Who has not sometimes felt weary
And desolate in heart ?
Oft, oft has my poor heart been lone,
Lone as the dark, dark sea ;
When hope's fairest flowers wither'd,
No joy was left to me !

Alone, alone ! how drear that sound !
How deep a wound was made
When hope's sweetest heart blossoms died,
And left our home in shade !
There's one lone grave at Willow Brook
Where little Evie slept—
One lone grave 'neath a cedar tree,
Where Evie's mother wept ;
But the grass grows wild o'er that mound,
No mother weeps there now—
But dark evergreens mournfully
Above the tombstone bow.

At this lone hour my thoughts roam back
To that sacred old place
Where my sister's babe sleeps sweetly,
With her mil l, handsome face.

Shine on, shine on, ye stars of night,
 On Evie's grave so dear !
While my thoughts stray to that dear spot,
 For her I'll shed a tear.
Yes, a tear I'll shed for the dead,
 A silent tear of love ;
And a sigh I'll waft, far away,
 To her bright home above !

OUR FALLEN BANNER.

[*Written after the fall of Richmond, 1865*]

OUR beautiful banner, all faded and worn,
We press to our bosoms in silence and
mourn;

We weep for our country, the land of the brave,
The home of our heroes who sleep in the grave!

Alas! for our country, its heroes are gone,
And freemen no longer are smiling at morn;
Proud Richmond has fallen—our thousands are
slain—

Our armies are scatter'd all o'er the plain!

Shall the banner of peace wave o'er us no
more?

Shall our foes exult as we welter in gore?
Kind Heaven forbid—may our brave and our
true,

Once more be free—but no struggle renew!

May the white bird of peace again plume her
wing,

And soft, low, and sweet, be the notes she may
sing ;

May the North and the South again brothers be,
United in heart, that all nations may see !

May the flag of our country again be unfurl'd,
The lov'd of all nations, the pride of the world—
May its stars and its stripes exultingly wave,
As graceful it floats o'er the home of the brave !

A SPRING MORNING.

THE god of day appears, magnificent and
grand,

Just peeping o'er the hills, his portals open wide,
To usher in the morn ;

Hill, valley, and mountain crag smile upon the
scene ;

The rippling brooks dance merrily down the hill
side,

And down the sloping lawn.

While deeper waters flow on, slow and silently ;

The mighty ocean rolls on, dark and repulsive
In its noble grandeur ;

The vernal zephyrs play upon the mountain's
brow ;

The blithe fawn skips forth to welcome the
morning light,

And kiss the dewy verdure.

Now prowling beasts retire slowly into their
dens ;

The well-fed stock lazily arise, and go forth
To graze upon the hills ;

The shepherd leads his flock up the rugged
ascent,

Or far down into the fertile valleys below,
They seek the cooling rills.

Glad nature rejoices on this lovely, bright morn,
The industrious farmer hails the coming day
With unbounded delight ;

His charming wife looks out and contentedly
smiles,

And their happy offspring all dance and laugh
for joy,

Their hearts are gay and light.

TO THE MEMORY OF GEN. R. V. R.

WHERE sleeps to-night that manly form?
Where rests that pure and spotless
brow?

Whose gen'rous heart was ever warm,
Though cold, and still, and lifeless now!

Alas! my lone heart tells too true
Where sleeps to-night my noble slain;
The widow's tears, like falling dew,
Keep green the link in mem'ry's chain!

As sunset robes the Western skies
In brilliant rays of glowing light,
Far o'er the hills in distance lies
The lovely scenes we view'd by night.

And oft at silent, evening hours,
Those precious mem'ries, sad but sweet,

Steal o'er my soul like dying flowers,
Mournful, but treasur'd till we meet!

Then let me weep, the falling tear
Will often calm my soul at even;
And though my heart is sad and drear,
'T will smile when we meet in Heaven!

Yes, in Heaven we 'll smile again,
And with fond and sweet embraces,
Our spirits freed from death and pain,
We 'll rest in Heavenly places!

THE WITHERED BOQUET.

SWEET, innocent flowers, ye bloom for a
day,
But to-morrow your loveliness yields to decay;
Though gone is thy beauty from earth's verdant
shore,
Pale, delicate plants, yet I love ye still more.

Ye are an emblem of hopes early blighted,
Of wither'd vows that were faithfully plighted;
Of sorrows too soon to the young heart given,
Which nothing can soothe but the joys of
Heaven!

Ye are an emblem of the blest early dead,
Who to the bosom of their Savior have fled;
Exempt from afflictions and troubles below,
Transported to Heaven their spirits will go!

But these wither'd flowers a secret may tell
Of a broken heart, and the last sad farewell,
Of two youthful lovers, devoted in heart,
But one little sentence caus'd them to part.

Long years they had lov'd, with a pure, constant
 flame,
But the lover was jealous—Kate was the same ;
He call'd her a heartless coquette one day,
And she bade him henceforth to go his own
 way.

They parted in anger, but soon he repents,
But Kate, though deeply wounded, never
 relents ;
Sometimes she would weep in her chamber
 alone,
But to him her deep anguish never was known.

ELMWOOD.

HOW peaceful now thy silent shades,
And winding labyrinths of art ;
How grand thy noble forest trees
That fondly twine around the heart !
How solemn rise thy lofty domes,
Tow'ring above the quiet dead—
Like silent spectres of the night,
Coming with slow and measur'd tread !

Great city of the dreamless dead,
We come to shed the rising tear ;
To pause in thy vast solitudes,
And weep beside a lonely bier !
No costly monuments we bring
To rear above our cherish'd dead,
But simple wildwood flowers strew
Around their meek and lowly bed.

No monumental urns we fill
 With chaplets of exotics rare,
But dewy buds at morn we bring,
 To mingle with the fragrant air.
These, our offerings to the dead,
 A silent language loudly speak ;
No carved words could e'er express
 The heart-throbs breath'd so low and
 meek.

How many restless spirits sleep
 Beneath a cold, sepulchral tomb !
How many noble heroes slain,
 Now in celestial beauty bloom !
Sleep on, within these sacred shades,
 While lightly o'er thy mounds we tread ;
We come, fresh flowers here to bring
 To hallow'd precincts of the dead.

But while we strew these fragile buds
 Pluck'd from terrestrial bowers,
Far down within our heart's pure shrines.
 Still bloom amaranthine flowers.

Unfading as the stars of night
That crowd the azure-vaulted skies,
The soul's eternal offerings
Will in glorious triumph rise.

JIMMIE'S SOLILOQUY.

HERE comes old Cas, my faithful dog,
We've had many sports together;
But dear old friend, we must part now,
While out upon the green heather.
Your life is doom'd; in dim old age
You've been guilty of a dark deed;
Now, poor fellow, your time has come—
No longer your presence we need.

'T is hard for us to part, old friend,
After so many years of fun—
But the dearest friends have to part,
Often when life has just begun.
'T is sad to think no other hand
But thy master's could do the deed—
Kill the best friend I ever had—
For you have been a friend in need,

Sadly you gaze upon my face

While the time is drawing quite near,
When you and I must part, dear Cas,
But for you I will shed a tear.

What shall I do when you are dead?

Who will come in to wake me at morn?
Who will roam o'er the woods with me,
When my poor old Cassie is gone?

Relent—relent—I must relent!

No—I've promis'd my mother dear,
That no thieving dog shall ever live;
Then come not, oh, come not too near!
Bang went the gun, poor Cas was dead,
Lying upon the ground so still;
One moment I look'd on his corpse,
Then sadly walked up the hill.

Ah! those were my happiest days,

When with dog and gun I did roam,
O'er Windham hills in search of game,
In the woods near my rustic home.

There 's a charm in ev'ry gulley,
 Around that dear, sacred old place—
And poetry in ev'ry nook
 The hand of Time cannot erase!

TO MY TWO GRAND-CHILDREN.

COME here, my darling babes, come
here,
And kiss grandma good-night ;
The angels smile above you now,
Oh, what a lovely sight !

My precious lambs, come nearer—do,
And kiss grandmamma's cheek ;
Then lisp your evening prayer, dears,
Softly and gently speak.

God loves his good little children,
And sweetly do they sleep ;
Kind angels watch their slumberings,
And o'er them vigil keep.

These sweetly-blooming olive plants,
They twine around my soul—
And when grandmamma's suffering,
They come in to console.

First, my bright-eyed Annie comes,
Steps in with smiling grace ;
Then dear little Buddie follows
With his sweet, loving face.

Like a joyous ray of sunshine
They dash into my room,
And with merry peals of laughter
Dispel the misty gloom.

When my heart is bow'd with anguish,
And many cares annoy,
These babes fill up one vacant spot
And bring a gleam of joy.

Ah ! whene'er I see these loving buds
Dancing with joy and mirth,
I feel within a silken cord
That binds my soul to earth !

MATTIE TO ANNA.

WHENE'ER I gaze into those eyes
That look on me so mild,
My thoughts stray back to other years
When I was but a child.

When by the little brook we play'd,
Built houses in the sand;
Or up and down the hills we roam'd,
Those lovely hills, so grand.

Oh! Anna, those were happy days
When you and I were young—
When by the little stream we sat
And soft, sweet music sung!

We were glad, merry children, then,
And dream'd not of the care
That after years would bring o'er us,
As we sat musing there.

Lofty air castles rose in view,
Loom'd up like mountains grand;
How beautiful they seem'd to us
While playing in the sand.

Sometimes we wish'd that we were queens
In regal splendor clad,
And with our maids of honor round
Our hearts would ne'er be sad.

How little thought we of the care
That regal splendors bring!
How many sleepless nights of pain
From royal greatness spring.

As we roam'd o'er the orchard wild,
Or fancy's picture drew,
Often away from this *earth* land
Our youthful visions flew.

As we sat under our rose tree
One bright autumnal even,
Twining a beautiful garland,
Our thoughts stray'd off to Heaven.

On fancy's wing sweet angels came,
Floating up through the air,
And on their bosoms softly slept
Our little sisters fair.

Oh! that happy dream of childhood,
It comes afresh to-day,
When you and I were young, Anna,
With naught to do but play!

We may not meet again, dear friend,
The sands of Time grow dim;
Come, sit beside me once again,
And sing that pretty hymn:

The hymn we used to sing, Anna,
As we sat by the spring—
Oh! "I want to be an angel,
And with the angels sing!"

The strains are floating thro' the air,
By gentle breezes borne;
Our hearts are young again, Anna,
But oh, how sadly torn!

Let us no more recall those days,
Buried deep in the past;
But one more farewell kiss, dear friend,
Oh, it may be our last!

THINGS I LOVE.

I LOVE the light, gray tints of dawn
That steal into my room,
The merry sun that comes at morn
To drive away the gloom.

I love the silvery stars of night
That smile so calm above,
The moon that sheds her mellow light
O'er all the worlds of love.

I love the rippling streams that flow
Beneath the mountain's brow ;
I love the last, deep sunset glow
That o'er the hill tops bow.

I love the beautiful rainbow
That spans the worlds of light ;
I love the softly falling snow
That looks so pure and white.

I love the mighty ocean grand,
 Its surging, foamy waves—
The pearly shells and sparkling sand
 Thrown from its hidden caves.

I love the pure and crystal dew
 That fall o'er earth at even ;
The grand, lofty, picturesque views
 That loom up into Heaven !

I love the soft, fleecy twilight
 That calms the troubled heart ;
That fills the soul with holy light
 And bids dark gloom depart.

I love, when twilight fades away,
 And darkness veils the earth,
To meet my lambs at close of day
 Around our cheerful hearth.

I love to shed the silent tear
 Amid the dew of even,
To know and feel that God is near
 And hears our sighs in Heaven.

I love at this still, quiet hour
 To meet with Him in prayer—
To feel all His wondrous power,
 And cast on Him my care!

THE CLOUD RIFTS.

I SAW a soft and fleecy cloud
Which rested on the sea—
Beautiful and grand it floated
Far out upon the lea.

One wing upon the sea it stood
Till mov'd by gentle rifts,
Two flakes of pearly clouds rose high
And soar'd above the cliffs.

A change came o'er the milky clouds
That lay in soft repose ;
I stood and gaz'd upon the scene,
While brighter beauties rose.

Worlds of light and beauty seem'd
To float up in the air,
Then chang'd again from blue to gray,
And some were wond'rous fair.

Beyond conception, lofty, grand,
In admiration lost,
I stood—amaz'd to see how high
Those wond'rous clouds were toss'd.

Mountains of snow rose far above
The avalanche beneath,
And form'd across the rugged cliffs
A beautiful haze wreath.

Still onward, swift, they floated by,
Those worlds of fleecy light,
Till other scenes obscur'd the view
And usher'd in grim night.

Then calm and still those worlds above
In darker shades appear'd—
Those rolling worlds of light and shade
In mystic gloom were rear'd.

The scene was chang'd from day to night,
The charm had disappear'd ;
Deep stillness veil'd the light of day,
My goal of life was near'd.

ORPHANS.

LET'S give one thought to orphans
lone,

Who feel no father's love ;
Who have no gentle mother near
To draw their thoughts above.

Their sorrows we have never known
In our sweet home of light :
Not bless'd with fond, parental care,
They feel the smallest slight.

Often too sensitive by far,
They feel the deepest pain—
And weep alone most bitterly,
But seldom e'er complain.

How careful we should be with them,
And seek by gentle ways
To draw their thoughts away from grief,
And calm their troubled lays.

Poor orphans lone, when cared for well,
And by kind friends supplied,
Often sigh for a mother's love,
But their deepest sorrows hide.

How gentle we should be with those
Who look to us for aid—
And wound not once their yearning hearts,
Or cast o'er them a shade.

Ye mothers who have tender babes,
Remember to be kind ;
And ever may those orphan lambs
In you a mother find.

“ Do unto them as you would have
Others do unto yours ; ”
Oh ! fill their lonely hearts with love !
Pure love to Heaven soars.

The little deeds of kindness done
Are stars within our crown—
They'll sparkle brightly round our heads
When our armor is laid down.

TO BLANCHE A.

HOW beautiful life seems to-day,
While youth and beauty bloom—
How sweetly smiles the world around
To you, who feel no gloom!

To you, dear Blanche, life's morn is bright;
A father's thoughtful care
And mother's tender love you feel,
Without their anxious fear.

Blessed above thy sex, dear girl,
With intellectual charms—
Boast not, but humbly thank thy God,
Who folds thee in his arms.

May love and gentleness pervade
Thy bosom, soft and fair—
May no dark sorrows ever fill
Thy heart with cumbrous care.

Oh ! may life be one bright sunshine,
With no myth-clouds to sere ;
And may joys pure and holy, Blanche,
Thy spirit always cheer !

May sorrows that to others come,
Thy heart but lightly shade ;
May life's bright dream be realized
When youth and beauty fade.

And when old age shall crown thy head
With silver locks of gray,
May thy heart then beat joyously
And blithely as to-day !

TO MR. AND MRS. BALL,

Of Long Island.

MANY thanks for one short visit,
To your pleasant Island home ;
Many thanks for gen'rous kindness
To the strangers who had come !

Many more for a wounded soldier
Taken to your pleasant isle ;
Weak, afflicted, sad and lonely,
He received a sister's smile.

Far away from home and kindred,
When the storms of war were o'er,
In a Northern clime 'mong strangers,
He was borne faint to your door.

Like a brother, to your bosoms
He was warmly, kindly press'd,
Like a sister to a brother
When alone and in distress.

But no more you'll see that soldier
In the weary lapse of time;
Silently he sleeps in Elmwood,
Where sad death-knells daily chime.

God, who saw those gen'rous deeds,
Did in Holy Writ record,
Noble deeds of kindness ever
Bring a sure and rich reward.

Yes, kind friends, rewards await you,
As the Heavenly port you near;
And on earth the widow lonely
Will requite you with a tear.

But what are tears to happy hearts
Who have never been bereft—
Who have never felt the anguish
Of a lonely widow left?

They only show a grateful heart,
True and faithful to the last;
One who though by sorrows bow'd,
Never can forget the past.

Then, dear friends, receive my off'ring,
Though it comes clothed in tears ;
A poor oblation it may seem,
Yet, 't will be the same through years.

TO LEILA M.

TURN not those lovely orbs on me
That sparkle like the summer sea—
Time was when I could bear their gaze,
When softly fell thy joyous lays ;
But oh, dear girl, I'm sad to night,
These joyous scenes give no delight—
I'm thinking of the happy past,
That blissful night, which could not last.

Ah ! better we had never met,
Since you, dear girl, I must forget ;
My love for you, though fond and true,
I must, I will, try to undo !
The past, sweet past, could I forget,
How light would be my spirits yet !
Though all my dreams of bliss have fled,
And all my fondest hopes are dead.

But since sad memories control
And reign triumphant o'er my soul,
How vain the struggle in my breast
To find a calm and peaceful rest!
Then farewell, dear, we may not meet—
Those dimple cheeks, so soft and sweet,
Will bloom and smile most joyously,
But not for me—no, not for me!

When on life's dark and fitful sea,
Should one kind word e'er stray to me,
'T will shed a gentle gleam of light
Like a lone star, that shines at night.
Oh, yes, dear girl, one little word
From you, but calmly, softly heard,
Will echo sweetly on my soul,
Like music 't will my heart console.

THE SILVER LINING.

TO MRS. E. B. CARROLL.

A WRETCHED widow sat, forlorn—
Sat still, in mute despair ;
With three small children weeping near,
And no kind father there.

The grave had just closed over him,
And dark was all around ;
The hand of God could not be seen
Upon the new-made mound.

Night, dark, mysterious night, came on,
But darker was the soul ;
No dazzling ray of light appeared,
No husband to console.

Behind the scene, conceal'd from view,
And softly reclining,
Upon a lounge of rubies rare
Repos'd the silver lining.

The veil though thin, was dark, obscure,
But joyously smiling,
Behind the screen, in splendor mild,
Still lay the silver lining.

The mourner sat with folded arms,
Many plans designing—
She could not through the mystic veil
Discern the silver lining.

In agony and grim despair,
To lunacy inclining,
She looks around, the veil is drawn
Above the silver lining !

One glimpse, that dark despair is gone,
And calmly consigning
Herself, her babes and all, to God,
She sees the silver lining.

Immortal hope unfolds her wings,
And sweetly reclining
Above the veil, beyond the clouds,
Now shines the silver lining !

The weeping mother smiles through tears,
Then meekly resigning
To God her husband, children, self,
Now claims the silver lining.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

O H, those bright, merry Christmas bells,
How they chime upon the air!
How they waft my thoughts back again
To a scene of dark despair!
Many, many years have passed
O'er the hoary locks of Time,
Since those merry bells were heard
On that Christmas night-air chime!
War's rude hand of desolation
Has, since then, its impress made;
Friend and foe have slept together,
And side by side have been laid!

Toss'd upon life's surging billows,
Many sleep beneath the waves—
And the distant winds of twilight
Sigh above their lonely graves.

Oh! those merry Christmas bells,
On the wintry breezes borne,
Now recall one dreary Christmas
When my heart was sadly shorn.
Death's sickle had swept o'er our home
And pluck'd its fairest flower—
Santa Claus had the night before
Enter'd our lonely bower.

My boys' socks were both well fill'd,
Each had a plenteous share—
But one little stocking, lonely
Lay, with nothing in it there.
Oh, how my heart was rack'd and torn
At the sound of merry bells!
Oh, how those weary, wretch'd hours
On my care-worn visage tells
Of anguish deep! no pen can paint,
No poet can e'er describe—
Desolation, desolation,
Was all my soul could imbibe!

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

S OFT breezes play'd among the trees
And dewy buds at morn,
The wild buds were caroling
Out on the blooming lawn.

A merry child, with sunny smiles,
Sat down beside a stream ;
Beneath the limpid waters flow'd,
And sweetly did she dream.

She thought herself a fairy queen
With playful nymphs around,
And floating softly down the tide,
Her vessel ran aground.

But looking out in much alarm
She saw a handsome boy,
Standing above the pearly stream,
Whose heart was fill'd with joy.

A noble boy he prov'd to be,
Watching the dreamy child,
And to her rescue gladly ran
And softly on her smil'd.

But suddenly her vessel sank
Beneath the rushing tide,
And he, the noble, gallant boy,
Sprang swiftly to her side.

No longer now a fairy queen
Was the fair, dreaming girl,
As down both sank beneath the waves
He caught one floating curl ;

Then rising high above the tide
Swam bravely to the shore,
And closely to his bosom press'd
The gentle Dora Moore.

Now soon she was herself again,
And sitting on the bank,
The hero of her day-dreams comes
And down beside her sank.

“Dear Foster, oh, I am so glad
You came out to the stream,
Or I should have been lost to-day
In my grand, fairy dream !

“As I sat near the water's edge
And in my fancy's dream,
Slipp'd then my feet, plung'd in I was
Beneath the flowing stream.

“I knew no more, till on the shore
I saw you by my side,
And softly smoothing out my hair,
While tenderly you sigh'd !”

“Dear Dora, I have won you now,
You are my youthful pride—
And when I'm grown to manhood, dear,
Will you not be my bride ?

“Then we will have a great steamboat,
And I the captain be ;
With you by my side, dear Dora,
We 'll sail right joyously.”

Softly on the boy she smil'd,
Whose castles in the air
Soar'd high above the fleecy clouds
That hung above them there.

Theirs was the troth of innocence,
Of confidence and love—
A betrothal sweet, recorded
By angel hands above!

OCTOBER.

MONTH of my soul ! thou drawest
nigh,

Thy melancholy winds I hear—
Thy faded leaves and autumn flowers
In ev'ry shade and hue appear.

Month of my soul ! I love thy shades—
I love the rich and varied hues
Of Nature's noble, forest trees,
When sparkling in the evening dews.

Month of my soul ! I welcome thee,
A solemn awe my spirit fills ;
Thy rustling leaves, low, soft and sweet,
Sigh plaintive on the piney hills.

Month of my soul ! I love thy winds,
Those low, sad murmurings, so dear ;
Mournful on the soul they fall
Like sorrow's silent, pensive tear.

Month of my soul ! when thou art here
I love to steal away from care,
To contemplate on pleasures past,
And talk with Him in fervent pray'r.

Month of my soul ! a joyous glow
Inexpressibly dear, at even,
With reverential awe and love
Falls like music sweet from Heaven !

Month of my soul ! in rapture lost
I watch the brilliant clouds above ;
Their gorgeous tints of blue and red
Are emblems of eternal love !

The gath'ring in of labors past,
The closing year, the waning hours,
Are symbols of His reaping scythe,
Gath'ring in His gems and flowers.

Then, O my soul ! be calm and still
While Nature's changing scenes appear,
Those golden tints and crimson hues
With beauty crown the closing year.

TO A BEREAVED MOTHER.

DARK, dark indeed was all around,
No light upon the mother shone ;
Her last rose was wither'd, pluck'd,
And bitter was her silent moan.

Her husband tried in vain to soothe,
His tender pleadings were not heard ;
Day after day still darker grew,
She could not feel one kindly word.

Her mountain home was veil'd in shade,
No, no ! too soft a word was that—
Shade means joyous, pleasant, soothing—
Her home in midnight darkness sat !

One little babe was left to smile,
The image of the sainted dead ;
The mother's only child was spar'd,
And she was taken in its stead.

The grandmother wept and sigh'd
The tender babe could not condole;
Though beautiful that mountain home,
Naught the bereft can now console.

Far down beneath the mountain's brow
Flow'd softly a meand'ring rill,
And close beside that mountain stream
Rose one lone mound, quiet and still.

Grand spires above the lonely dead
Those giant mountains grimly stood;
The sighing mother often weeps,
And looks out on the dark, dense wood.

But while the wretch'd mother weeps,
The blooming bud her time employs;
And rippling waters sadly peal
Requiems to departed joys.

Mother, look up! above the clouds
Your jewel slumbers sweetly now;
Our Father to His bosom clasps
His loving lambs, who meekly bow.

Why weep and mourn, when Allie blooms?

The morning light has dawn'd at last—
Your daughter smiles triumphantly,
Her sorrows are forever past.

The rose is dead—the bud is left—
And sweeter may be the flower,
Blooming around your silver locks,
And lighting your darken'd bower.

'T is yours, the tender olive plant
So fondly to your bosom press'd—
Given to crown your bright old age
With love, content, and tranquil rest.

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

TO CECELIA.

A LITTLE girl with blooming cheeks
Came one Christmas day,
To bring a pretty New Year's gift,
And with the children play.
"A present from Mamma," she said,
"A New Year's gift for you!"
And oh! how bright and chaste she
look'd,
Fresh as the morning dew.

Carefully I unroll'd the gift,
Displaying to our view,
A handsome set of silver spoons,
Shining all bright and new.
Never shall I forget that gift,
With the sweet, tiny note—
" 'T is more blessed to give than to
receive,"
Were the kind words she wrote.

The old adage, "A friend in need,"
Was my first happy thought ;
Oh ! how I thank'd that dear, sweet
child

For the new gift she brought.
On Christmas eve a fire consum'd
Our home, with much we had—
But one sweet friend remember'd us,
And made our sad hearts glad.

A pressing invitation came
To make her house our home,
Till fortune smil'd propitiously
We had no need to roam.
Accepting her kindly offer
We gladly did that day ;
She, like a dear, loving sister,
Insisted on our stay.

On Saturday morn the fire came
And spoil'd our Christmas fun—
My husband, children, servants, all
A happy day begun ;

But suddenly our joys were quell'd
By the bright, curling flames,
And children quick in terror fled,
Forgetful of their games.

If e'er kind words and loving hearts
With sympathy could fill
The vacancy within our home,
And bid our griefs be still,
Surely did these esteemed friends,
And in their joyous cheer
Our losses, though not forgotten,
Seem'd not to be so near.

But many deeper wounds since then
My friend and I have had!
How oft have silent tears been shed
And our lone hearts made sad!
Too often sad memories cloud
Our sacred homes of love,
And rob us of the beautiful
Sunshine, smiling above.

Dear friend and companion in grief,
Receive my heartfelt thanks;
Many blessings on the fair, sweet child,
With her light, joyous pranks.
Alas! no more a happy child,
But a wife, noble, true—
And over her joyous pathway
May God sweet roses strew.

I LOVE TO DREAM.

I LOVE to dream ; for then the face and
form

Of those I've loved are fresh and bright ;
The scenes of other years with beauty teem
In those sweet visions of the night.
Swift on the wings of time the mind flies back,
Twenty years seem but yesterday—
So rapid are our grand, nightly visions,
When the mind has full, complete sway.

I love to dream ; for then come around me,
In the dark, deep stillness of night,
Many dear and loved friends of other days
Whose forms are beautiful and bright.
I sometimes see our dear, sacred old home,
The blooming flowers on the lawn,
The small church where mother and I us'd to go
During the week, and Sabbath morn.

In dreams, all those lovely scenes of childhood

Are fresh and vivid before me ;

The old log school-house, where first I learn'd

To spell, read, and play merrily—

The river that flow'd near, and gentle brook,

From whose bank ran a clear, cool spring—

Those scenes forgotten in life's busy whirl,

Are spectres on night's rapid wing.

In dreams I see my dear old father's face,

Smiling and bright as in those years

When it was his fond delight to gather

Up his children for Christmas cheers.

All those beautiful, beautiful pictures,

I sometimes see in my visions—

And then awake to find it all a dream,

A phantom, a sad, sad, illusion !

And still I love to dream ; in oblivious

Forgetfulness I often seem

Near the loved ones who have preceded me—

Oft are they with me in my dreams.

Yes, those sweet, pleasant dreams of the night
Often bring them extremely near,
But ah ! when I would embrace them, they
vanish !
And sadly falls the silent tear.

DISTANT SCENES BY TWILIGHT.

'T IS distance clothes the world in grandeur
new,
And lends enchantment to the varied hue ;
'T is distance sheds a milder light o'er earth,
And gives ten thousand lovely objects birth ;
'T is distance oft endears our absent friends,
And to their charms a richer lustre lends ;
'T is distance beautifies the closing day,
And blends a softer light with every ray.

Now to far-off scenes my thoughts I wing,
To the lovely valley, or the mountain spring ;
To the waters of the foaming deep,
To the bleating of the Alpine sheep ;
To the flocks on the verdant hills,
To the rills from the flowing rills,
To the sloping green—
All these form a lovely scene.

The lighted city at the dead of night,
Seen in the distance, looks supremely bright;
The moonlight falling on the far-off plains
In rapturous beauty now the soul enchains.
Lost to the world, the poet sits entranced,
By ev'ry scene his pleasures each enhanced;
The dream of childhood and his happy morn
Are far more charming than at early dawn.

His gentle Annie, always kind
Her fond caress and ever thou
These loving objects fill his
Seen in the distance of de
Far down the hill of tim
His thoughts on abs

gone—

And now, beside

WHISPERINGS OF THE NIGHT.

ALMIGHTY Father ! inspire my soul
To portray thy glorious works and
ways—

—can some of the dark mysteries
Hidden in Thy ocean caves !

—Thy wondrous praise ;
—Thy hints upon the mountain

—The ocean's wild roar.
—The rising billows

The sun, august god of day, comes forth
To light a darken'd world! The stars
retire,

The mountains blush with rosy light—all
Animate Nature is grand with vocal praise!
The picturesque landscape in luxuriant
Beauty smiles; the fruitful vintage yields
Her bounteous supplies! Fruits, flowers,
Vegetation—all speak a silent language,
And join in praise to God, our Father!
Shall we, recipients of His eternal love,
Refuse Him our small mite of gratitude?
Shall we, upon whom the beautiful light
Of Science blooms—shall we grope in
darkness,

When sun, moon, and stars pay homage
To His sovereign will?

No! let us tune our lyres of praise,
To Him our vocal anthems raise;
Dark unbelief, away, away,
Hope brings to us the light of day!

Hope wings her way to worlds above,
More swiftly than the carrier dove ;
Her whisp'ring voice dispels the gloom,
And then for purer joys makes room !

Hope gilds the soul with armor bright,
Then leaps beyond the worlds of light ;
Unfolds her wings, and soars above,
Then calmly meets the God of love !

THE MORNING GLORY.

THE delicate flower, so pretty and small,
That blooms on our window, and droops
o'er the wall,
Wafts my thoughts back to a bright evening in
June,
When I stood near a friend, one calm afternoon.

A beautiful landscape before us appear'd,
Which grew in loveliness, that still is endear'd;
Bright visions of beauty were floating above,
Which fill'd our hearts then with rapturous love.

One frail little flower he pluck'd from its stem,
Which I priz'd more highly than the richest
gem—

For a silent language this sweet flower spoke
Of fond affections, which the moment awoke.

Thirty-four years since then have faded away,
But that lovely flower, I prize it to-day,
For it carries my thoughts far back in the past
To those beautiful days, undimm'd at the last.

This fragile flower sweet memories awake
Of fond, treasur'd words, the last that he spake;
But they fall on the soul, like a dream of the
 night,
Those sweet, treasur'd words, still vivid and
 bright.

The past, darkly shaded, still has charms for me,
A wreck of bright hopes, yet I float on the sea;
My life-boat is stranded on a lonely isle,
But hope lifts me up, and calmly I smile.

Oh! may I not hope, in my journey of love,
To direct some poor, lone wayfarer above?
May I be permitted to comfort and cheer
Some desolate heart, as heavenward I steer?

THINK OF ME, LIZZIE.

WHEN on life's stern arena you stand,
With anxious care and with labor
fraught—

When in the busy mart you may move,
I ask not then, for one sacred thought.
But when your daily toils are over,
And out beneath the stars of Heaven,
Perchance a wandering thought should stray,
Or gentle sigh to friends be given—
Oh! think of me then!

When round the cheerful fireside you sit,
And when pleasant thoughts your bosom fill,
When dear ones around you softly smile,
And with joy and peace your soul may thrill:
When you think of your far distant friends,
The loving ones who oft think of you,

And the years that have faded and gone,
With a thought of the absent and true—
Oh! think of me then!

Think of those quiet and pleasant days
When we strayed through the forest wild;
The soft hum of the murmuring brook
That delighted our hearts when a child.
Memory carries me back to-night
To my home in that sweet locust grove,
And one dear friend who lingered there;
Should you ever near those old haunts rove,
Oh! think of me then!

THE NIGHT WINDS.

HOW mournfully the night winds
sigh

Upon the balustrade ;
How drearily their echoings
Down in the woody glade!
How lonely are their whisperings
Around *one* quiet grave—
How desolate the evergreens
That o'er those ashes wave !

The night winds sigh mournfully
Around the ruined walls
Of our sacred old Willow Brook,
And her deserted halls.
Our father, mother, kindred gone,
The sounds of mirth are dead ;
And the merry crowds who gathered here,
Where, oh ! where have they fled ?

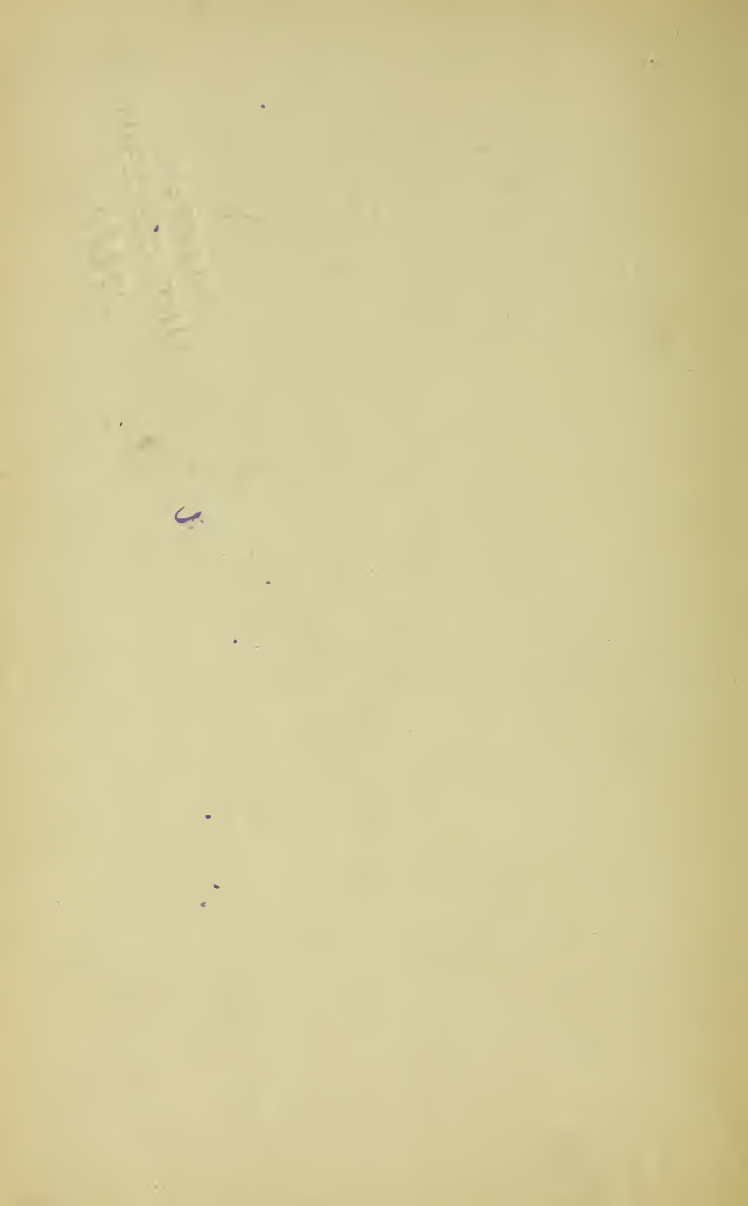
Some have fallen in far-off homes,
And sleep in distant graves,
While mournfully above their heads
The weeping willow waves.
Those dreary, howling winds to-night
Their lonely echoes peal,
And in the gloomy solitude
They sadly o'er me steal.

These sighing winds, with dismal moan
Through the clust'ring vines,
Peal anthems to the dying rose
That round the casement winds.
Oh! hush your sighs, ye winds of night,
That Nature's book may close ;
The day is gone, its labors past,
Ye night winds, seek repose !

“ Oh, no ! oh, no ! ” the night winds sigh,
“ Our revels have just begun ;
Sleep on, ye weary laborers,
While we indulge in fun ! ”

'T is misery, 't is mockery,
These doleful winds so drear—
Sighing around the old hall doors,
To call it midnight cheer!

THE END.



x ch. 3/8/02 Ma

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